

Causerie

A venture of insightful notions

Multilingual Literary E-magazine
June

**A WOMAN'S
WORLD**

By
Heymonth Ninja

**HER SOUL MATE
(NOVEL)**

By
Laiba Akhtar

حق

By
Aqsa Hashmi

FAKE UP

By
Tamara

**Appearances
are deceptive**

By
Iman Khan

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Editor's Note

Causerie

/'kəʊzəri, French *kozri*

noun

an informal article or talk, typically on a literary subject.

Hello World! I hope you must be wondering about the strange, weird, good, or normal behaviors of earthlings, and thou must be jealous of Elon Musk's idea of multi-planetary human beings. Ah! Come on, I am just kidding, but thou know well of me, right? (winked) Well, we are back with our June edition. I know we are late, but thou must have an idea how much effort is required to manage the content of eleven languages. So, keep calm, sit down, relax and read Causerie's June edition.

This month of June has been a splendid month for Causerie, as we have delivered our first content project successfully, with the client's satisfaction, of course! It doesn't end here. We are also bringing more exciting activities in the coming days. For instance, we are bringing the world's first biggest multilingual contests, webinars, literary discussions, poetry slams, and much more. The core purpose of all these activities will be only one; to elevate the status of literature and humanity against the messy vulgar and burlesque comedy. Comedy isn't a bad thing, but the modern definition of humor has got so much contaminated and polluted that's it's only spreading filth.

Last but not the least, you know we have been offering content services like blogging, copywriting, website content, product descriptions, sales collateral, advertisements campaigns, article writing, rephrasing, thesis, along with advertisement and audio poetry featuring services for earthlings all around the world.

Now read, feel, share and give us your finest feedback guns and roses.

OVAIS
(Founder)
(Editor in Chief)

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COVER PHOTO CREDIT
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English

"A Woman's World"

By
Heymonth Ninja
(India)

Being a woman is a loss of strength,
Life is to serve men till its full length:
Wake up in the early morning as dry,
Um, there are no ears to listen my cry;

Art of cooking depends on dirty hands,
To wash vessels, I need magic wands...
Books and movies depict a cute lover,
Who dominate girls with his brutal power!

Is menstruation a curse in my life?
Why do you need me as your slavish wife?
I am the woman who can nurture,
The children of us with the joy of nature;

To be frank, I live in a different world,
My painful stories aren't penned as I told:
I see the heaven even in the hell---
And nothing to promise with a calling bell!

"The Moonlit Days"

By
A H Sadiq
(Pakistan)

I'm a humble worker
For days and days, I work and toil
My habit, my routine, my regime
is an ax, a spade, a scythe, and soil.

I'm the king of a palace
Of stones and salt, and gems uncut
To my palace there comes no sunlight
For every door is brutally shut.

I'm a thief of the seas
I snatch life from the waters, hoping pearls in dreams
A pain-stricken soul with a wish unmet
In my eyes does it dance and wildly gleams.

I'm an unlettered mule, a part-literate
I play with machines coughing smoke
I keep playing with devotion and diligence for days
And keep playing and playing till I choke.

I'm a slavish jinn, a foolish spell
Who makes it happen, lets it turn
The gorgeous molds and beauteous shapes
Of sky-high structures standing stern.

I'm a fate stricken laborer
I work for days, and days, and days.
Devoid of the Sun and the Dark
These are; 'The Moonlit Days'

"Fake Up"

*By
Tamara
(UK)*

Why do we buy all these products on shelves?
Trying so hard to be anyone but ourselves
Makeup has become a way to hide our identity
Forcing us to be someone we're not meant to be

We use all sorts of potions to cover our skin
Instead of loving the body that we were born in
Painting over the scars that prove we're alive
But with this fear of judgement we cannot thrive

Filters only add to the pandemic of self-hate
Making us forget to be grateful and appreciate
We obsess over images and fail to consider
Showing respect and kindness to the person in the mirror

"Equidistant of a society"

By
Dinesh S R
(India)

Above the starves, below the affluence
Signals of the blue collars are under influence.
Neither can be a luminous one, nor be a somber,
Hoping for a lifeboat at the edge of harbour.

Cheers of the men are submerged in tranquility
As such their status are the medians of equality.
Awaken moons and dreadful suns in recurrence,
As smiles and tears are flashing in concurrence.

Nonetheless the normalcy, they seize to fall
Ever tries to stand up, never worn-out at all.
Though lives are forsaken of cliff and seabed,
Not perturbed of their living and walked ahead.

Deprived of fortress but outwits the ruins -
Thus, delineates the way of life and its gains.
May enticed by riches to ash-out their cash,
They're the lobby of wealth by heart, in stash.

"A Letter To my Imperfect Body"

Dear Body,
I hope you are hale and hearty,
I didn't admire my eyes, cause they were small,
So I applied mascara, but I knew it was of no use at all,
My lips were dull and thin,
I couldn't stop noticing my double chin,
About my complexion, I had many fears,
I was anxious about my unattractive ears,
I was uneasy with my crooked, hawkish nose,
My forehead was broad but relatively low,
I was ashamed of my breasts,
Which were the cemeteries of my secrets,
My plump legs and that belly fat,
Repeatedly told me I could never be the best,
But then a person entered my life,
Strengthened me and helped me realize,
How unreasonably I treated you,
How badly I criticized you.

Dear flesh and bones,
I am apologetic,
I could not speak for you,
When someone approached you wrongly,
You bore me throughout life,
Together we go on a long drive,
From trauma to transcendence,
From negligence to tendance,
Endlessly keep my organs functioning,
My blood pumping,
I shall not push you beyond your limits,
Or put nonsensical expectations.

Dear meat and cartilages,
I shall appreciate you till we both become dust.

By
Zaynub Hassan
(Pakistan)

POSTER



J.K. ROWLING

J.K. ROWLING

Born: July 31, 1965

J.K Rowling is a well-known British author of the worldwide famous series Harry Potter. Her best-selling novels have sold over 400 million copies and won numerous awards. Rowling wrote Harry Potter in difficult times of poverty and depression. Now ranked as the twelfth richest woman in the United Kingdom. Rowling has emerged from zilch to riches.

Listen!

Listen! I sing from distant lands
Where happiness exists and flows from fountains.
I weave choruses where love is serene.
I am the voice of the world
Before man exists
I am the round note
Under the fingers of the harpist.
I am all the joys of shared love
I have the hunger of the child who knows the suckling
The gaze dazzled before the humble beauty
The pure and happy heart of your dreams comes true.

Listen, I'm the beating heart
To the beat of love
Hear the echo of that drum
Who speaks to you in a low voice.
I ignore all the words that stir up wars
I ignore all the fears that separate humans.
I live hidden, in the clarity of the light,
without the weight of the past nor that of tomorrow.
The present is my age
Love, my only torment
Happiness is my pledge
Faith is my oath!

You just have to believe in it to find the path
Which will lead your steps in this distant country
I will be waiting for you there tonight, or yesterday morning
Very near the fountain which sings my refrains
Love has no time, no name, no place.
It offers its secrets to those who believe in them.

Listen to his voice!

By
Misbah Arshad
(Spain)

"Immortal Icarus"

By
Sapna Bhatt
(India)

There was a boy who flew too high
It was not his fault
That he dreamt of the sky
For spending the years in a cage
He never felt that sunny gaze.
He looked at that miracle every day
That faded away at night,
It was warm. It was comfort
During his plight.
For once, he wanted to fly,
To gather all its magic
He never knew the warmth he yearned
can burn him to the core.
He touched the sun and felt its might
He felt himself burn and enjoyed the light,
He was afraid to die
But had a lovely smile
He had done what he dreamt
He even saw the sun cry.
He forgot his past confinement and the chilling cold
Cause the sun has burnt him through and through
and filled him with gold.
The melted wax outshined the stars.
He showed the world his battle scars
We adore the one
Who wears the crown
Tell me?
Why Icarus remembered;
When he got drowned?

O, Life!

By
Ovais
(Earth)

O, Life!
What if I don't cry;
after you annoying
and destroying me?

O, Life!
What if I don't deny;
you never assaulted
or never tortured me?

Lie couldn't live forever,
even though it's clever.
Truth has this tendency,
to live every endeavor.

Fire of satire can admire
one who wears the attire
of sheer truth and sanity
can rule the entire empire.

O, Life!
What if I don't comply;
to all your old odd norms
that try to reform me?

O, Life!
Do not force me to ally
to any wrong man here
who want to tear me?

"Tautogram"

By
Jayashree
(India)

She sees skies singing
Soliloquies say,
"Stay shine still
S-e-v-e-n-t-i-e-s"...

She sees stars singing
Satires say,
"Sell some
S-m-i-l-e-s"...

She sees someone singing
Solace says,
"Silly sinners
s-m-r-i-k-s"...

"TALE OF A HEART"

Here I'm, inking metres, on the page of my sweetheart,
Though warbling out on a flute of shrill phones.
But hark today, hark now, the chronic tale of a heart:
She doesn't lance my spirits mere and
Abrade on the cuts of an infectious gall.
But left me as a slave of the wrinkled age,
For the trenchant fangs of an inquisitive hounds.
Thus, heaving the sighs of melancholy,
Singing the songs of hollow love.
Eyes have a weight, heart stirred in cinders,
O' tell me somebody?
Am I then ample to couch, in a cotton and wool?
Than to chafe my hands as the poète of Maud Gonne.
Fragrance of Jasmine breaking through alleyways,
O' how dour and pungent the odour of Jasmine!
To me as the invalid fumes of carrion.
Forwhy, I'm accustomed to the camphor of thy sweat,
Neither any perfume nor any scent so dear to my naris'
More, than the delicious cologne of thine body.
For the Mājnun - philandered through the notorious
Lanes of Leilà, - the same fumes were the wafts of
Placating eau de cologne.
The stones; capsules of respite,
From the frenzy of separation.
When thou art around winter seems summer afternoon.
Come and smear the lotion of anodyne over the strokes
Of my autumnal heart.
Dispel the clouds of winter away,
Gar it by the hue of spring,
And let it sing the songs of early monsoon.
Apply the balm onto the residence of thy aconitic bites,
Have been bolstered up by the venom,
Potioned by thine toxin eyes.
In ecstasy, sanctimonious men tear apart,
In subservience to deity. Thou: my idol,
So doest I'm, by the art of stealthily worshiping you.

*By
Firdous Bahar
(Kashmir)*

"Appearances are deceptive"

By
Imaan Khan Tareen
(Pakistan)

I see and witness people with strong logic, great ideas, clear throat, charming personality but usually have less understanding for others happiness and satisfaction. They can bewitch you so easily. But once done, they will throw you out from their lives.

I see people who cannot put their words in sequences even. They're with scattered thoughts and broken words, but they are thankful and more genuine people in the world.

Be with the genuine person who will give you nothing but won't harm your expectations. But avoid witty people who can impress you surely for their own sake. Once they are done, they will blame you for everything you never did, but you will feel so low after that.

Once my teacher told me, I can relate to it so much.

"Har hath milaaney wala dost nhi hota."
(Not every hand shaker could be thy friend)

Keep reality checks. Expect less.

And trust in God, who never let you down no matter how much they try to -
God is the best planner.

Her Soul Mate (Long novel)

By
Laiba Akhtar
(Pakistan)

Rain had become slow when Salma came near her house. A sigh of relief came out of her mouth as she knocked on her house's door and called out to her seven-year-old daughter.

"Ayesha?" She shouted her name three to four times but still, there was no answer. Worry gripped her heart and she started getting panicked. Finally, after a few seconds, the door opened and revealed the tear-streaked face of Ayesha.

"What happened?" She became panicked.

Ayesha just hugged her and cried. Salma kept on asking her why she was weeping. Different haunting thoughts came into her mind.

"I was scared." At last, after some minutes of weeping, she whispered. Salma became relieved on listening to her reason.

"You really got me scared, Ayesha," she said with relief.

Ayesha broke the hug and stood in front of her mother with a ducked head, disabling Salma to see her hollow eyes.

"Faris sir got married and I was busy with his bride. In the morning, I will take you with me so that you can also see the bride. "You want to see her?" Salma tried to divert her daughter's attention. Ayesha just nodded her head.

"Ok. Now go to your bed. God forbid, you are weeping like what disaster has come in home" Salma rolled her eyes and went toward the room while Ayesha remained standing with a pale face and hollow eyes.

Salma didn't see it so she was unable to know that disaster had really hit their home.

.....

At last, that rainy night came to its end and a new morning came in every living person's life. The mist had covered the sun, disabling its warmth to reach Earth.

In one of the houses of Islamabad, in one of the rooms of it, Faris was sitting on his bed and staring at the figure who was sleeping on the floor, back resting with a chair and head on her knees. She was still in her bridal dress.

For some seconds, he stared at her. But then, he walked toward the washroom, totally ignoring her. After about twenty minutes, he was standing in the kitchen sipping the coffee. His coffee had almost finished when he felt movement on the stairs. He averted his gaze toward the stairs and saw her coming down. She is now in salwar kameez with a dupatta around her neck. Her hair was still tied from the night. Lineaments of tiredness and nervousness embossed her features.

"Assalam o Alaikum" She greeted with nervousness. He didn't reply and took the last sip from his coffee.

"I'm going out and will not be back till night," He said to her after completing his coffee.

She didn't reply, just kept on standing there.

"Salma will come and do the house chores and will also accompany you", he said to her and stood in front of her, towering her, making her more nervous.

"Don't open the door to anyone. Don't repeat the story of Ahmad and Daneen in this house. I will not tolerate it." Daneen's eyes widened with disbelief.

"Protect my reputation and I will give you your rights. Otherwise, you know well"

His threatening tone made her fearful and a cold shiver ran down her spine. She nodded at him and swallowed the lump in her throat. He gazed at her with cold eyes and left the house.

After he left, Daneen sighed in relief. She again glanced at the house which was so small as compared to her mansion. The furniture and decoration in the house were also not of high quality and was screaming the fact that it's the owner is a middle-class man.

"I am princess Daneen. I was princess of Anwar's mansion but now, I am no more princess. I had to marry a prince but here I am; wife of an ordinary person. In fact, the wife of a criminal. My dreams, my life, all have been shattered." Fresh tears swam in her eyes as she felt that morning more cold and dark.

.....

Faris was making his way to his office while giving a casual glance toward Jalal sin's hallways where he is an employee.

He settled in his office when Mr. Jalal asked for his presence. Frustration marred his features while entering Jalal's office.

"Faris! Come. Come" Mr. Jalal gave him a warm smile which was not reciprocated.

"You should get some holidays from work. After all, you recently got married" Mr. Jalal said with warmth.

"Is this worth calling a marriage?" He satirized at which Jalal took a deep sigh.

"This marriage is giving you benefits. You have a wife, which means you have a family. A proper and normal house. And I don't care what you do with Daneen. She is just your property now."

Mr. Jalal was saying when Ahmad came into office.

"YOU! What is he doing here Dad?" he shouted on seeing Faris.

Faris also stood from his seat with a frown on his face.

"He is an employee, Ahmad." Mr. Jalal said calmly.

"You let him come into my company. This man... He stole my Dan... " Ahmad didn't finish his sentence because he was cut off by furious Faris.

"Don't! Don't take my wife's name with your tongue. This company is yours but she is my family now. And I don't allow any man to speak about my wife" he roared. His loud voice caused Mr. Jalal and Ahmad to flinch.

"Mr. Jalal! I am resigning from my job. I don't want your son near me or my wife. Is it clear? " Faris said this to Mr. Jalal, who was controlling his anger. Faris didn't give importance to them and left the office.

.....

"Assalam o Alaikum" Dilawar greeted when Daneen opened the door for him.

"Walaikum Assalam. Please come in", she said with a polite smile.

"Sure", Dilawar said and stepped into the house.

They both made their way to the lounge and sat on the couch.

"Eating breakfast?" he asked while seeing the plates on the table.

"Yes," she became a little bit embarrassed as she was in the middle of breakfast when the bell rang. So, she left the plates there out of her habits.

"Do you need anything? Is the house comfortable? "

"Yes. Thank you" she replied while different questions clouding her thoughts.

"If you want anything if there is any problem you are most welcome to call me. I am Faris' cousin and I will be very happy to help you", he said while giving her his card which had a number on it.

"Thank you so much", she said while taking the card. He was going to say something when they heard the cough and turned toward the place where fuming Faris was standing.

They both saw him and stood from the couch, one with pale expressions and another with an unaffected one.

"Ohh Faris, I came here to invite both of you for dinner at my place on Sunday, but unfortunately you were not at home," Dilawar said with a friendly tone.

"Yeah, I had to go somewhere," Faris said while eyeing his nervous bride, and then averted his cold orbs toward Dilawar

"I will really appreciate it if you never stay at my home in my absence."

His words caused both of them to get soaked with embarrassment as they eyed his cold expressions.

.....

The next chapter will be in the next edition.

[Verse 1]

Found you when your heart was broke
 I filled your cup until it overflowed
 Took it so far to keep you close (Keep you close)
 I was afraid to leave you on your own (Ooh)

[Pre-Chorus]

I said I'd catch you if you fall (Fall)
 And if they laugh, then fuck 'em all (All)
 And then I got you off your knees
 Put you right back on your feet
 Just so you could take advantage of me

[Chorus]

Tell me, how's it feel sittin' up there?
 Feelin' so high, but too far away to hold me
 You know I'm the one who put you up there
 Name in the sky, does it ever get lonely?
 Thinkin' you could live without me
 Thinkin' you could live without me
 Baby, I'm the one who put you up there
 I don't know why (Yeah, I don't know why)
 Thinkin' you could live without me
 Live without me
 Baby, I'm the one who put you up there
 I don't know why (I don't know why, yeah, yeah)

[Verse 2]

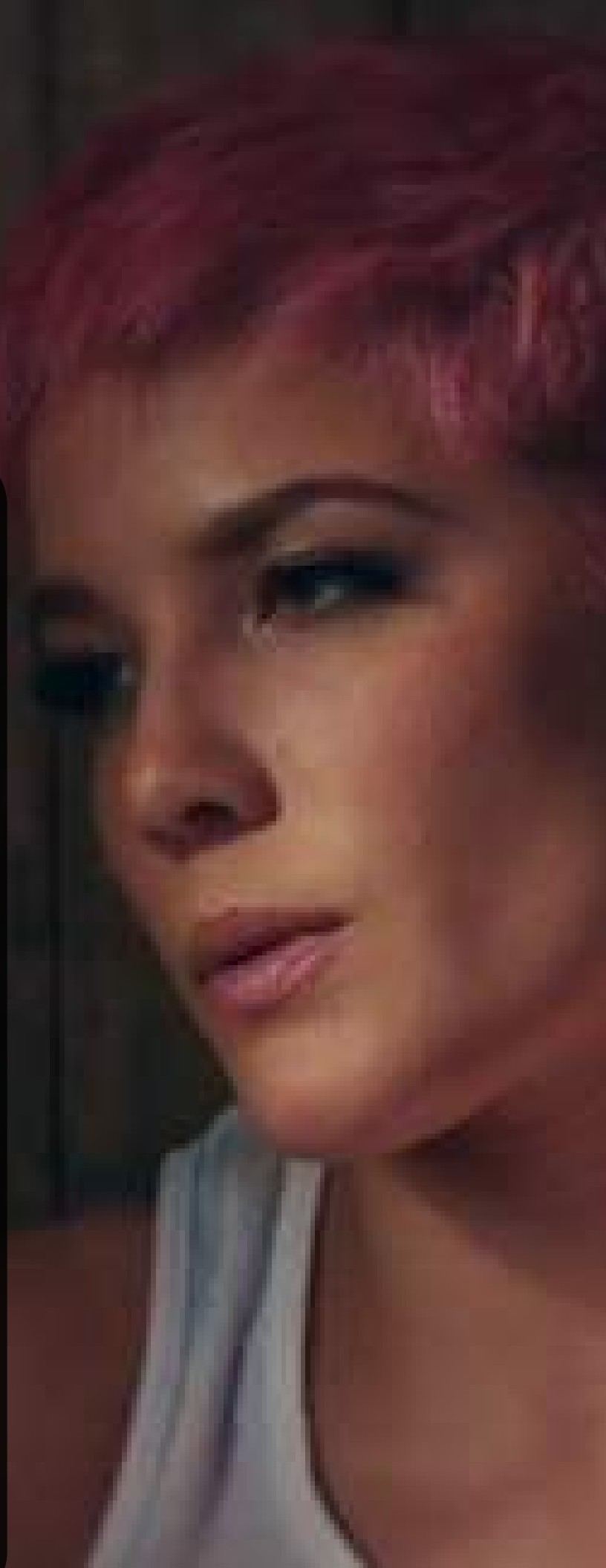
Gave love 'bout a hundred tries (Hundred tries)
Just runnin' from the demons in your mind
Then I took yours and made 'em mine (Mine)
I didn't notice 'cause my love was blind

[Pre-Chorus]

Said I'd catch you if you fall (Fall)
And if they laugh, then fuck 'em all (All)
And then I got you off your knees
Put you right back on your feet
Just so you could take advantage of me

[Chorus]

Tell me, how's it feel sittin' up there?
Feelin' so high, but too far away to hold me
You know I'm the one who put you up there
Name in the sky, does it ever get lonely?
Thinkin' you could live without me
Thinkin' you could live without me
Baby, I'm the one who put you up there
I don't know why (Yeah, I don't know why)
Thinkin' you could live without me
Live without me
Baby, I'm the one who put you up there
I don't know why, yeah

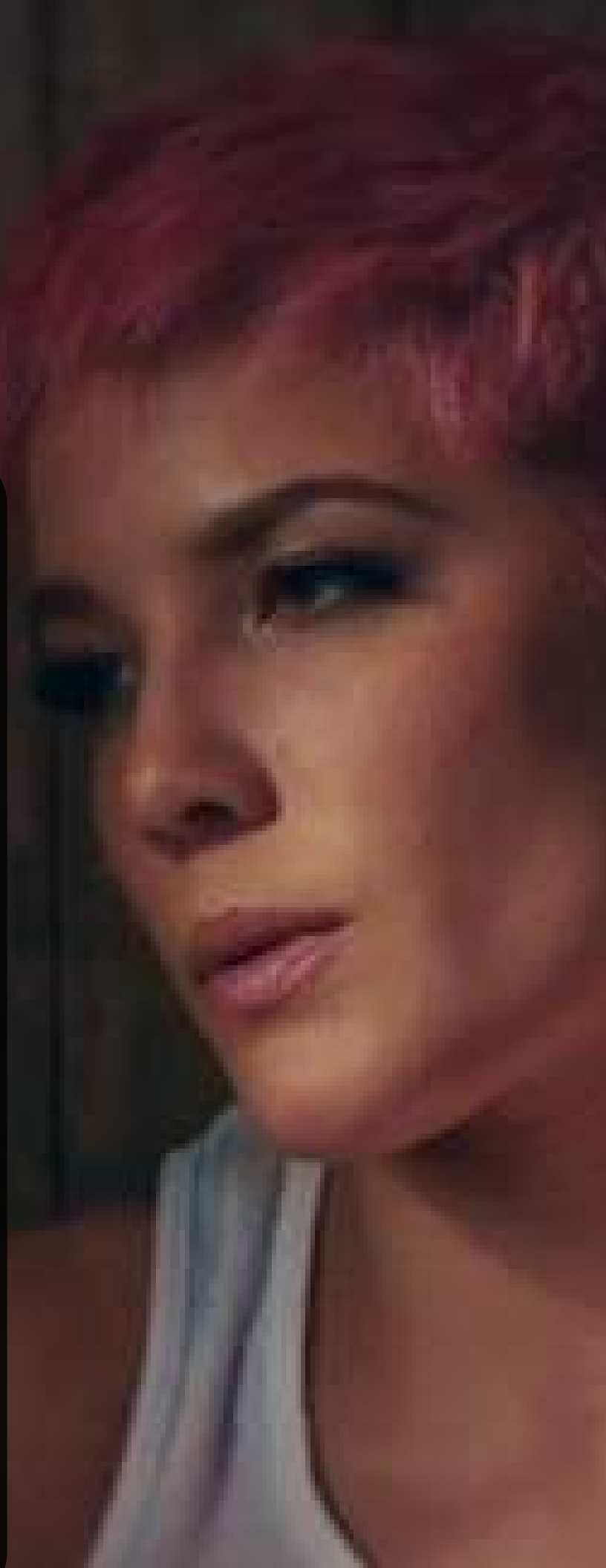


[Bridge]

You don't have to say just what you did (What you did)
I already know (I know)
I had to go and find out from them (Oh-woah)
So tell me, how's it feel? (Oh-woah)

[Chorus]

Tell me, how's it feel sittin' up there?
Feelin' so high, but too far away to hold me
You know I'm the one who put you up there
Name in the sky, does it ever get lonely?
Thinkin' you could live without me
Thinkin' you could live without me
Baby, I'm the one who put you up there
I don't know why (Yeah, I don't know why)



"An open letter to my late father"

By
Pulamarasetti Bhargavi
(India)

Dear Nanna(dad),
Wow, it's been almost 6 years since you left me and this universe. There are no words to describe my immense love for you. Every day without you has been hard, but on this day especially, I can't help but think how much I wish you were here with me.

You were the glided light in my world full of darkness.
In your presence, I was happy.
I'm happy even in your absence but I'm no more than a happy little kid who used to smile from bottom of her heart.
Though I smile 24/7 for no reason, no more from bottom of my heart.
I'm tired and hurt,
I cried, I cried until my tears stopped.
I tried to kill myself not physically but mentally.
I tried to forget you but unfortunately, you have become the one who's always on my mind.

I think about you and miss you through each day that passes. Some days are really difficult and I'm overwhelmed with sadness. Other days are good, and I think about all of our beautiful memories.
I miss going out with you.
Just you and me, roaming here and there.
I miss our fights, those funny fights, and especially those pillow fights.
I miss calling you by giving so-called funny nicknames.
I miss making fun of mom with you.
I miss teasing mom along with you.
I miss going to temples with you.
I miss those evenings I've spent with you on the terrace. Just you and me.
I miss doing yoga with you.

I miss going to libraries with you.
I miss falling asleep every night while listening to the stories you narrate.
I miss telling stories to you, my imaginary stories.
I miss making greetings on your birthday just to make you smile.
I miss your smile, that million-dollar smile.
I miss your voice, your voice is the only one that can make me smile no matter in what mood I might be, your soothing voice makes my heart skip a beat, and whatnot it used to give me immense happiness.
If I keep writing the things I miss, then dad, I can write pages.
I miss you and everything about you, Dad!

Whenever I miss you and can't control myself anymore, I let it out.
I cry.
I cry until I've got no tears left to cry.
But I cry, only when I'm alone.
And I make sure that I don't cry in front of anyone, even if I can't hold back my tears.
'Cause, no human can understand the pain I'm in.
People tell me to move on, but if only it's that easy, and if only they know what exactly it feels like,

There are days when I ask myself that "How can I miss him when I didn't ever forget him.
Well, he's always with me though, isn't it?"

"He has a special place in my heart, forever." - my heart says.

I remember every moment I spent with you.
I might be a kid back then,
But dad, you know what,
I got a good memory.
I remember every little thing from childhood as well, like almost everything.
I remember when I was a little kid
I used to fall asleep on the terrace while counting stars
every night by having you beside me.
I remember, those evenings, I used to go on the terrace and I used to sing along with you.

And sometimes, I used to secretly record while you sing.
I still regret the day, when I formatted that SD card unknowingly back in between 2010-12, which contains all your voice notes and our photos.
I feel bad and sad for not having a proper picture with you together. I wish at least, I could've one picture is together in it, but sadly, I've got none.
Moreover, I wish I could hug you.
Maybe, one last time.
Maybe, we could have a goodbye.
Cause the fact that this unsaid goodbye hurts me even more than anything else.

I'll never forget the day when I was in 6th grade and I've left an 8 mark question unanswered in an English exam even after knowing what to write and I got scolded by you. Though you rarely used to scold me now I miss the way you scolded me. If I get a chance to get scoldings from you, then Imma leave, every question unanswered, so that I can get scolded by you. But I know that's never going to happen, and that kinda aches my heart to make myself understand that you aren't here anymore with me and you left.

Every night, I never slept until you narrate a story and the struggles you had to stay awake, just to make me fall asleep.

And now, I miss your stories and the way you used to narrate them.

Moreover, you're the one who introduced me to novels, and now I can't stop myself from reading them and falling in love with books.

You're the one who introduced me to sketching, whenever I feel low, I sketch and think about you and your artistic drawings.

You're the one who introduced me to sports, now sports has become one of my doses of survival.

You're the one who introduced me to writing, now I bleed my emotions and feelings on paper, and one day I'm going to make you feel proud, for sure!

You're the one who taught me how to stay patient and calm even when I shouldn't.

Was so lucky to have a multi-talented person like my dad. Whenever I feel low and feel like giving up every damn thing, you and mom are the only people who come to my mind and in the second thought, I change my mind and try my best.

I wished for you to come back,
I wished for the love of my life to come back,
Yes, it's you dad.
You're the love of my life.
Little did I knew,
You're gone and you ain't coming back,
That you're gone forever.

Though I miss you I'm not sad that you aren't here anymore.
'Cause dad, in this world some people don't have parents and don't even know how dad's love is like. And some people don't know how mother's care is like. I'm so happy and lucky that I had you as a father at least and I know what father's love is like and I'm glad to have mommy with me.
I promise that, no matter what, will never give up!
Also, I promise that I'll always try my best to keep mommy happy and safe.
I might not be the best daughter, but I know, I'll always be your best one in your point of view.
Wherever you are and from wherever you're watching me, I will let the world know who's the daughter I am, then letting them know just my name.
I'll make you proud, one day, for sure!
I used to make greetings for you on your birthdays before, but now I've decided to write letters to you.
I love you and I miss you so much, Nanna!

Love,
Your daughter,
Bhargavi aka Dolly!

MINI POESY

J'abandonne ma plume dans la nuit pour admirer la lune et les étoiles
C'est le meilleur moment pour moi où je me dévoile.

©Sahnah
(French)



A Beacon of Hope

Don't let moments of despair
stop you in your tracks,
for there is a pot of gold
circling in the rainbow,
waiting for you after the storm.

Like diamond dust
sparkling inside your spirit,
it calls to you with a beacon of hope,
guiding your lost soul out of the darkness.

©Brenda Arledge

Withering heart, a fortnight dead,
Had to rest, in the chest of her of soul,
With a burden of words, left unsaid.

@Elif Hoorain!



MINI POESY

My lips
overflowed
with fire
Like the
parched soil
yearning for
a sudden downpour
The earnest
desire

©Sanya

إبتهج

©لبنى عبد اللطيف

لا خَيْرَ في أوجاعنا
فلتبتهج..
إن الحَيَاةَ مليئةٌ بالمُعْجِزَاتِ..
هي ظُلْمَةٌ آثِيَةٌ
هي ليلةٌ و الفجرُ آتٌ..
هي سُنَّةٌ كَوَيْبَةٌ
أَنْ نَكْتَوِي
هي ذِي الحَيَاةِ..

What Else?

What else should we know?
What else should we try?
I wonder sometimes...
Like a flame of a fire
Messy thoughts are coming my way
Weird emotions captured me like a thunderstorm
I wonder, what else?
What else shall we do to change this ugly world?
What else should we change in ourselves before
others?
What else ...what else...
I wonder... what else...

@Estel

I can't stand the thought of growing up
and becoming embittered
The museum houses wax figurines that
look like
You and I.
The tour guide says that they are filled
with real bone...
You. and I.
Will one day grace those halls

©Ophelia D. Knight



Arabic

"أنا"

By

سماح بوحجيلة
(Algeria)

يَمُرُّ شريط العمر من حياتنا. نبكي ونفرح مع الأهل بدون أهل،
حياتنا تستمر وآمننا معنا
دموعنا وسعادتنا جزء من حياتنا
أحيانا نفقد الأمل في كل شيء و تصعُر كل الأشياء في عيوننا
وأحيانا نأملُ بغيرِ أفضل ونُعلق آمالنا على الحاضر
تَمُرُّ أيامٌ وساعات ودقائق من أعمارنا
لا حياتنا كما تمنيناها ولا الموت أخذنا
فقدنا الأمل والبريق والرغبة في العيش... بلغنا هدفنا أم لم نبلغ. أعتقد أننا أصبحنا مُرغمين عل
التكيف مع الوضع
نضحك والقلب يبكي
الدَمعة على مشارف التُّرول من جُفوننا
وتلك الإبتسامة البلهاء تحاول أن ترتسم على وجوهنا. التي فقدت بريق الأمل
الحياة بدون طعم وبدون رغبة
يا زمن.. ضعنا يا زمن
تنتهي رحلتنا يوم ما في هذا الكوكب
تنتهي دموعنا وفرحنا وأحلامنا
ينتهي الفقر والغنى
يارب إرحمنا برحمتك وأغفر لنا دنوبنا

"الحياة بدون أم ألم مستمر"

By
Amel kennar
(Algeria)

قل للكلمات تلتزم الصمت !
 فبعد أمي ... لا مجال للكلام ...
 كل لحظات السعادة التي ندعيها هي مجرد نفاق...
 ندعي الحياة... ندعي النسيان...
 وألم فراقها... يحيا فينا أكثر من الحياة ...
 من بعدها أي فرحة تكتمل؟
 وأي شغف يبقى؟
 وأي عيش يطيب؟
 هي الحياة
 هي الأمل
 هي جزء كبير من الأمان...
 استحفظها الله عليه
 مضت... ومضت السعادة خلفها... دون عودة
 شيعتها ...
 ثم شيعت نفسها من بعدها...
 كل اللحظات تكون منقوصة البهجة من غيرك ...
 وكل المحافل... أضحت رمادية ...
 يالوحة ألواني ...
 ياوردة الروح وزهرة الحياة ...
 ليس مبالغة ان تفقد الحب
 والحنان
 والأمل
 والحياة
 فبعد الأم
 تقريبا
 لاوجود للإحساس.

For a writer, words work better than tears!

©Binte Nadeem

Chilling alone. Meditating. Vibing alone. Restoring my energy. Realizing people don't deserve me; cause I'm out of their league.

©Bhargavi aka Dolly

Mes regards vers le ciel
Mes pas sur le sol
Et mon rêve sur mes ailes

©Sahnah
(French)

If you're doing anything,
It makes you something:
Never stop as a nothing!

©Heymonthninja

Life is a journey that we all have to face
Traveling through each moment to find our own place.

©Tamara

Vituperating someone on past relations after marriage is the immoral tradition of our society.

©Noor Hussain

Urdun

"غزل"

By
صریر علی
(India)

سفر میں عاشقوں کے آبلہ پائی نہیں ہوتی
محبت پاک دامن ہو تو رسوائی نہیں ہوتی

سنہرے ورق پر لکھی غزل اب تک ادھوری ہے
مکمل ہو بھی سکتی تھی جو نیند آئی نہیں ہوتی

یہ ممکن ہے ادھورے خواب پر ہم مطمئن رہتے
اگر تعبیر چارہ گر نے بتلائی نہیں ہوتی

لہو رونے لگا قاصد مجھے خت باتھ میں دے کر
وہ خوش رہتا اگر تحریر پڑھوائی نہیں ہوتی

سیاست میں ہمارے ملک کے، جو بھی ہیں کھوٹے ہیں
اگر سگے کھرے ہوتے تو مہنگائی نہیں ہوتی

صریر اک رنگ میں رہتے ہیں، بدلے ہیں نہ بدلیں گے
بدل جاتے اگرچہ ساتھ تنہائی نہیں ہوتی

"سامع بنیے!"

By

بنتِ نعیم
(Pakistan)

جتنا وقت ہم لوگوں کی اداس پوسٹس اور سٹیٹس دیکھ کر ان کے درد کو کریدنے میں لگاتے ہیں۔۔۔
یا انہیں ان دو چیزوں کی بنیاد پر لمبی لمبی تقریریں لکھ کر پیش کرتے ہیں۔۔۔
کیوں نہ اسی وقت کو ان کے درد مند بن کر ان کے دل کا بوجھ ہلکا کر دیا جائے۔۔۔
لیکن ہمیں مزہ آتا ہے ان کا اندر ٹٹولنے میں۔۔۔
ہم نے یہ کوشش ہی نہیں کی کہ ان کی اذیت کم کرنے کا کچھ سامان بھی ہم ہی نے کرنا۔۔۔
ہمیں لمبی لمبی تسلیاں اور مشورے تو بہت دینے آتے ہیں۔۔۔
لیکن ہر وقت ان کا استعمال مستفید نہیں ہوتا۔۔۔
ہم نے کبھی یہ سمجھنے کی کوشش نہیں کی دوسروں کا دکھ، تکلیف سن کر بھی ان کے اندر کے ٹوٹے ہوئے
شخص کو آپ جوڑ سکتے ہیں۔۔۔
#you_can't_be_a_good_speaker_if_you_aren't_a_good_listener.

آپ چاہتے ہیں کہ دوسرے آپ کے الفاظ سے جی اٹھیں تو انہیں سنیں۔
ان کی اندر کی ویرانیوں کو آباد کرنا ہے تو واللہ انہیں سنیں۔۔۔
بغیر جج کیے ان کے پچھتاوے سنیں۔۔۔
تب مشورے دیں تب نصیحت کریں بلاوجہ ان پر اپنا نظریہ مت تھوپیں۔۔۔
اس طرح وہ کبھی اپنے ٹراما سے نہیں نکل سکیں گے۔۔۔
لوگوں کو سننا شروع کر دیں یقین کریں ڈیپریسڈ لوگوں کی تعداد اور دکھی پوسٹس کی تعداد کم ہو جائے
گی۔۔۔

جب میرے پاس ایسا انسان نہیں تھا میں نے خود کو خود اٹھایا اور ہر اس انسان کو سننا شروع کر دیا جس
کے پاس کوئی نہیں تھا۔۔۔ لیکن ہر انسان میں اتنی ہمت نہیں ہوتی کہ وہ خود کسی ٹراما سے نکلے۔۔۔
ایسا سکون کہیں نہیں ملتا۔۔۔ جو لوگوں کو پر سکون کر کے اللہ آپ کو دیتا۔۔۔
لوگوں کی زندگیاں پہلے ہی بے سکون ہیں۔۔۔ مزید کہرام مت مچائیں۔۔۔ کم از کم اپنے تئیں کوشش کر کہ ایسا
انسان بن جائیں کہ آپ سے جڑا ہر شخص کبھی یہ نہ کہے کہ ہر بات ہر کسی سے نہیں کی جا سکتی۔ کم از
کم وہ یہ تو کہنے والا ہو کہ ہر بات کسی ایک سے تو کی جا سکتی ہے نا۔۔۔ وہ ایک انسان بن جائیں۔۔۔
یقین جانیں ہزاروں مسائل ختم ہو جائیں گے اور ان کے بارے میں غلط آراء قائم کئے۔۔۔

"یہ بے دلی اچھی"

By
Sana Khan
(India)

ہمیں لگنے لگی کمبخت اب یہ بے دلی اچھی
یہ تنہائی یہ خاموشی اذیت ہے رخی اچھی

کہیں ظلمت کہیں روشن کرا کر کھیل کھیلا اور
چراغوں کی ہوا سے پھر کرائی دشمنی اچھی

کسی کی بد نظر نے دھوکے سے مسکان چھینی ہے
وگرنہ کچھ ہمیں بھی تو میسر تھی خوشی اچھی

گمان کس بات کا تم کو مری جاں وسوسے کیسے
یہ کس نے کہا دیا تم سے محبت دل لگی اچھی

اداکاری نہیں کی درد کا عنوان رکھا بس
سنا تھا درد جتنا ہو، ہے اتنی شاعری اچھی

اُسے کیا فرق پڑتا ہے، کوئی سنبھلے یا گر جائے
بھلا ساقی بھی بادہ کش سے کہتا ہے خودی اچھی

سنو جاناں بنا اس عشق کے سجدے بھی ضائع ہے
کہ سچھا عشق ہو جیتنا ہے اتنی بندگی اچھی

کبھی اپنا ہمیں کہنا کبھی انجان ہو جانا
بتاؤ ہم کسے بولیں تمہاری دوستی اچھی

"حق"

By
Aqsa Hashmi
(Pakistan)

اگر عورت کو تعلیم نہ دی جائے تو اچھا معاشرہ کبھی بھی نہیں بن سکتا تعلیم ہر اک کا بنیادی حق ہے۔ لیکن دنیا میں بہت سے ایسے لوگ کی اکثریت موجود ہے جو لڑکیوں کی تعلیم کے خلاف ہے۔

تعلیم ایک سب سے طاقتور ہتھیار ہے جسکو ہم دنیا کو تبدیل کرنے کے لیے استعمال کر سکتے ہیں۔
"نیلسن منڈیلا"

عورتوں کی تعلیم بے بہت سے ممالک نے آواز بلند کی لیکن کوئی بھی اس پر عمل نہیں ہو رہا۔ عورتوں پہ بہت جگہ مظالم ہو رہے ہیں اک طرف تعلیم چھین لینا اور دوسری طرف انکا حق چھین لینا پاکستان میں شرح خواندگی دوسرے ممالک کے برعکس بہت کم ہیں سندھ میں بہت سی ایسی بچیاں جنکو اسکول اور تعلیم کا مطلب تک نہیں پتا۔ اس تصویر کو مد نظر رکھتے ہوئے میں یہ بھی لکھنا چاہوں گی کہ عورت سے اسکا حق اس بات میں بھی چھین لیا جاتا ہے کہ وہ اپنے مرضی کے انسان کے ساتھ زندگی نہیں گزار سکتی ہماری سوسائٹی عورت کو معاف نہیں کرتی اگر وہ اپنی پسند کا اظہار کر دے۔ بہت سی ایسی لڑکیاں دیکھی ہیں جو باغی ہو جاتی ہیں اس وجہ سے جرم بہت بڑھ گیا ہے اور غیرت کے نام پر قتل کر دی جاتی ہیں کم عمر کی شادی کے خلاف نہیں ہوں میں لیکن عورت کو صرف یہ احساس دلانا کہ اس کی زندگی کا مقصد صرف شادی ہے یہ برگر قابل برداشت بات نہیں ہے۔ خدارا عورت میں بھی احساسات جزبات خیالات اور اپنی مرضی کے متعلق جینے کا پورا اختیار ہے۔

عورت مظلوم تب تک ہے جب تک وہ برداشت کرتی ہے۔ جس دن اسنے اپنی طاقت جان لی اس دن عورت مضبوط ہے۔ گھر والے اپنی مرضی سے جہاں دل چاہا واہا رشتہ کر دیتے ہیں میں مانتی ہوں کہ والدین کبھی غلط فیصلہ نہیں کرتے لیکن آج بھی عورت کو بولنے اور اپنی پسند کا اظہار کرنے کی اجازت نہیں ہے اگر وہ ایسا کرے گی تو بد زبان بد کردار بد اخلاق اور بد تمیز والا تمغہ گلے میں ڈال دیا جائے گا کبھی کبھی گھر والوں سے بھی غلط فیصلہ ہو جاتا ہے جس کا پھر عورت نے ہی سامنا کرنا ہوتا ہے تعلیم اسکا بنیادی حق ہے۔

عورت بیدار ہو جائے تو فرعون کے گھر میں موسیٰ (ع) کو پال لیتی ہے اچھی تربیت اچھے گھرانوں سے ملتی ہے اونچے سکول صرف تعلیم دیتے ہیں اک اچھی ماں اچھا معاشرہ بناتی ہیں زندگی میں آگے بڑھنے کا سب سے بڑا فارمولا یہ ہے کہ پہلا قدم اٹھاو



BOOK REVIEW

میں انمول

مصنفہ: نمرہ احمد

صفحات : 515

صنف : سیلف ہیلپ کتاب

میری درجہ بندی : ★★★★★

تبصرہ نگار:
مقدس نعیم

مصنفہ کے بارے میں:

نمرہ احمد پاکستان کی مشہور اور منجھی ہوئی رائٹر ہیں جو اپنی کتب میں سبق آموز کہانیاں لکھ کر عوام الناس کا دل جیتے ہوئے ہیں۔ ان کی کتب میں یا تو آپکو بہت اچھا سبق ملتا ہے۔ یا اس میں قرآن کی کوئی نہ کوئی آیت ایسے بیان کی جاتی ہے کہ پڑھنے والا ایک نئے زاویے کو سمجھنے لگتا ہے۔ رومانوی قسم کے ناول بہت کم ہیں۔ بلکہ پھلکا جیسا زندگی میں ہے۔ اور حدود میں رہ کر انہوں نے تمام چیزوں کو بے حد خوبصورت طریقے سے الفاظ میں ڈھالا۔ ان کی دوسری کتب میں مصحف ، نمل، حالم ، بیلی راجپوتان کی ملکہ ، جنت کے پتے ہیں۔ لیکن آج میں ان کی حالیہ شائع شدہ کتاب "میں انمول" پر تبصرہ کروں گی۔

کتاب کے بارے میں:

"میں انمول" سیلف ہیلپ کتاب ہے۔ جس میں نمرہ احمد نے اپنی زندگی میں ہونے والے واقعات سے سیکھا گیا سبق اور حاصل شدہ ویلیوز پر روشنی ڈالی ہے۔ اس کتاب میں بتایا گیا ہے کہ کیسے عزت نفس ہر جزے سے اوپر ہے مگر غرور شامل نہیں ہونا چاہیے۔ انسان کو اپنی ان سبکیورٹیز کا کیسے پتہ چل سکتا ہے اور ان کی کیسے اصلاح کی جا سکتی ہے۔ اس میں کردار بھی نمرہ احمد کی زندگی کے ہیں اور بیرو خود وہ ہیں۔ ڈپریشن اور اداسی سے کیسے نبٹیں؟ محبت کرنے والا کون ہوتا ہے؟ خوشی کیا ہے؟ رشتوں کو کیسے ڈیل کرنا ہے۔ غم سے کیسے نکلیں۔ سیلف ریسیکٹ کیا ہے؟ ہماری زندگی میں ہم ویلیو کیسے ایڈ کریں؟؟ اور بہت سے موضوعات اس میں آپ کو ملیں گے جو آپ کو آپ سے ملائیں گے۔

میری رائے:

ابھی میں نے یہ کتاب خریدی نہیں تھی جب میں نے سوشل میڈیا پر اس کتاب کے خلاف ریویوز دیکھے۔ اختلاف رائے سب کا حق ہے۔ ہو سکتا ہے جو چیز آپ کو فائدہ نہ دے کسی کو اور کو دے دے۔ میں نے کتاب منگوائی اور اسے پڑھنا شروع کیا۔ جیسے جیسے کتاب پڑھتی گئی میں نے یہ جانا کہ جو سفر نمرہ آپ نے طے کیا ہے وہی میں نے بھی طے کیا ہے تب ہی آج لوگ میری تحریریں پڑھ کر موٹیویشن حاصل کرتے ہیں۔ اس میں بہت سی باتیں مجھے معلوم تھیں اور بہت سی باتیں میرے علم میں آئیں۔ جیسے حاسدین سے کیسے بچیں۔ اگر حاسد قریبی ہے تو اس کے اور آپ کے رشتے میں باؤنڈری لائن کیسے کھینچی جائے کہ رشتہ نہ ٹوٹے۔ ہمیں خونی رشتوں کو توڑنا نہیں ہے اپنی حدود قائم کرنی ہیں۔ صرف لوگوں کا ہی خیال نہیں رکھنا اپنا بھی رکھنا ہے۔ ایک لکھاری ہونے کے ناطے میری کیا ویلیوز ہونی چاہیے۔ مجھے عاجز ہونا ہے۔ میں نے اس کتاب کے پسندیدہ اقتباسات پر بے شمار الفاظ جوڑ کر اپنے تجربات شئیر کیے ہیں۔ موضوع ختم نہیں ہوتے مگر کتاب ختم ہو جاتی ہے۔ اور آخری باب پر پہنچ کر میں اداس ہو گئی۔ مگر نہیں یہ تمام باتیں مجھے کام دیں گی۔ میں یہاں تفصیلاً نہیں لکھ سکتی اس کے لیے آپ کو کتاب خرید کر پڑھنا پڑے گی۔ مگر یاد رکھیں ہر کتاب میں آپ کے لیے کچھ نہ کچھ ضرور ہوتا جو آپ سیکھتے ہیں۔ میں ان تمام بھائی بہنوں کو یہ کتاب ریفر کروں گی جو ہر وقت اداسی کا شکار رہتے ہیں جنہیں بے شمار خوف لا حق ہیں۔ یہ کتاب آپ کو آپ سے ضرور ملوائے گی۔ مکمل نہ سہی مگر کچھ نہ کچھ آپ ضرور جان جائیں گے یہ میں یقین سے کہہ سکتی ہوں۔

Punjabi

**"In both Gurmukhi and
Shahmukhi Fonts"**

"Dagabaaz"

By

Rajveer Singh

(Suratgarh, Rajasthan)

ਕੀ ਦੱਸਾਂ ਯਾਰੋ, ਦਰੋਬਾਜ਼ ਜ਼ਹਿਰ ਵੀ ਹੋ ਗਿਆ
ਮੈਂ ਬੱਚ ਵੀ ਗਿਆ, ਉਹਦਾ ਕਹਿਰ ਵੀ ਹੋ ਗਿਆ।

ਸਾਰਿਆਂ ਦੀਆਂ ਅੱਖਾਂ ਦੇ ਵਿੱਚ ਰੜਕਣ ਲੱਗ ਪਿਆ ਵਾਂ,
ਉਹ ਵੀ ਮੇਰੇ ਖਿਲਾਫ, ਉਹਦਾ ਸ਼ਹਿਰ ਈ ਹੋ ਗਿਆ।

ਸਵੇਰੇ ਉਹਨੂੰ ਗੈਰਾਂ ਦੀਆਂ ਬਾਹਵਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਵੇਖਿਆ,
ਸੀਨੇ ਅੱਗ ਲਾਉਣ ਵਾਲਾ ਦੁਪਹਿਰ ਵੀ ਹੋ ਗਿਆ।

ਬਸ ਸਾਹ ਚਲ ਰਹੇ ਨੇ ਮੇਰੇ ਚਿਰਾਂ ਤੋਂ,
ਜਿਉਣਾ ਵੀ ਹਾਂ ਮੈਂ ਤੇ ਢੇਰ ਵੀ ਹੋ ਗਿਆ।

ਕੀ ਦੱਸਾਂ ਯਾਰੋ, ਦਗਾ ਬਾਜ਼ ਝਾੜ ਵੀ ਹੋ ਗਿਆ,
ਮੈਂ ਬੱਚ ਵੀ ਗਿਆ, ਅੱਸ ਦਾ ਢੇਰ ਵੀ ਪੋ ਗਿਆ।

ਸਾਰਿਆਂ ਦੀਆਂ ਅੱਖਾਂ ਦੇ ਵਿੱਚ ਰੜਕਣ ਲੱਗ ਪਿਆ ਵਾਂ,
ਉਹ ਵੀ ਮੇਰੇ ਖਿਲਾਫ, ਉਹਦਾ ਸ਼ਹਿਰ ਈ ਹੋ ਗਿਆ।

ਸਵੇਰੇ ਉਹਨੂੰ ਗੈਰਾਂ ਦੀਆਂ ਬਾਹਵਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਵੇਖਿਆ,
ਸੀਨੇ ਅੱਗ ਲਾਉਣ ਵਾਲਾ ਦੁਪਹਿਰ ਵੀ ਹੋ ਗਿਆ।

ਬਸ ਸਾਹ ਚਲ ਰੇ ਨੇ ਮੇਰੇ ਚਿਰਾਂ ਤੋਂ,
ਜਿਉਣਾ ਵੀ ਹਾਂ ਮੈਂ ਤੇ ਢੇਰ ਵੀ ਹੋ ਗਿਆ।

"Jeewan Daud"

By

Simer Kaur

(Dasua, East Punjab)

ਸ਼ਾਮ ਢਲੇ ਸੂਰਜ ਨੇ ਲੋਅ ਨੂੰ ਹਰ ਹੀ ਜਾਣਾ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਹੈ,
ਮੈਂ ਵੀ ਓਦੋਂ ਕ ਮੁੜ ਕੇ ਆਪਣੇ ਘਰ ਹੀ ਜਾਣਾ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਹੈ

ਮੇਰਾ ਕੀ ਏ? ਰਹਿੰਦੇ ਸਾਹ ਤੱਕ ਤੈਨੂੰ ਉਡੀਕੀ ਜਾਵਾਂਗਾ,
ਤੇਰਾ ਕੀ ਏ? ਤੂੰ ਕੋਈ ਬਹਾਨਾ ਕਰ ਹੀ ਜਾਣਾ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਹੈ!

ਲਹਿਰ ਦਾ ਕੰਮ ਸਮੁੰਦਰ ਕੀਓ ਡੋਬ ਲੈਣਾ ਹਰ ਕਤਰੇ ਨੂੰ,
ਤੈਰਾਕਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਕੀ ਭੈਅ ਹੈ? ਉਹਨਾਂ ਤਰ ਹੀ ਜਾਣਾ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਹੈ।

ਹੱਡ ਗਾਲ ਕੇ ਜਿਹਨੇ ਅੱਗ ਬੁਝਾਉਣੀ ਹੋਵੇ ਆਂਦਰਾਂ ਦੀ,
ਉੱਚਾ ਨੀਵਾਂ ਮਾਲਕ ਦਾ ਉਸ ਜ਼ਰ ਹੀ ਜਾਣਾ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਹੈ।

ਉਹ ਫਿਰ ਗੁਸਤਾਖੀਆਂ ਗਲਤੀਆਂ ਅਕਸਰ ਕਰਦਾ ਰਹਿੰਦਾ ਏ,
ਮੁਆਫੀ ਮੰਗ ਕੇ ਜਿਹਦਾ ਸੌਖਾ ਸਰ ਹੀ ਜਾਣਾ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਹੈ।

ਕਿੰਨਾ ਦੌੜੀਦਾ ਹੈ, ਜਿੰਦਗੀ ਅੱਗੇ ਅੱਗੇ ਭੱਜਦੀ ਏ,
ਆਖਰ ਖੱਟ ਗਵਾ ਕੇ ਬੰਦੇ ਮਰ ਹੀ ਜਾਣਾ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਹੈ।

ਸ਼ਾਮ ਡਹਲੇ ਸੂਰਜ ਨੇ ਲੋ ਨੋਨ ਆ ਜਾਨਾ ਬੰਦਾ ਏ
ਮਿੰ ਵੀ ਓਦੋਂ ਕ ਮੁੜ ਕੇ ਆਪਣੇ ਘਰ ਹੀ ਜਾਣਾ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਏ

ਮਿਰਾ ਕੀ ਏ? ਰਿੰਦੇ ਸਾਹ ਤੱਕ ਤੈਨੋਂ ਅੱਠੀਕੀ ਜਾਵਾਂਗਾ
ਤੇਰਾ ਕੀ ਏ? ਤੂੰ ਕੋਈ ਬਹਾਨਾ ਕਰ ਹੀ ਜਾਨਾ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਏ!

ਲਹਰ ਦਾ ਕੰਮ ਸਮੁੰਦਰ ਕੰਡੀਓਂ ਡੁੱਬ ਲਿਨਾ ਹਰ ਕਤਰੇ ਨੋਂ
ਤੇਰਾਕਾਂ ਨੋਂ ਕੀ ਭੈਅ ਏ? ਉਹਨਾਂ ਤਰ ਹੀ ਜਾਨਾ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਏ

ਹੱਡ ਗਾਲ ਕੇ ਜਿਹਨੇ ਅੱਗ ਬੁਝਾਉਣੀ ਹੋਵੇ ਆਂਦਰਾਂ ਦੀ
ਉੱਚਾ ਨੀਵਾਂ ਮਾਲਕ ਦਾ ਉਸ ਜ਼ਰ ਹੀ ਜਾਨਾ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਏ

ਉਹ ਫਿਰ ਗੁਸਤਾਖੀਆਂ ਗਲਤੀਆਂ ਅਕਸਰ ਕਰਦਾ ਰਿੰਦਾ ਏ,
ਮੁਆਫੀ ਮੰਗ ਕੇ ਜਿਹਦਾ ਸੌਖਾ ਸਰ ਹੀ ਜਾਨਾ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਏ

ਕਿੰਨਾ ਦੌੜਦਾ ਏ, ਜਿੰਦਗੀ ਅੱਗੇ ਅੱਗੇ ਭੱਜਦੀ ਏ
ਆਖਰ ਕੱਟ ਗਵਾ ਕੇ ਬੰਦੇ ਮਰ ਹੀ ਜਾਨਾ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਏ

"Jo labhan pyaar gye si"

By
Judge Singh
(Pathankot, East Punjab)

ਕੁੱਝ ਦੌਲਤ ਲਈ ਟੁਰ ਗਏ ਸੀ, ਕੌਡੀ-ਸਿੱਲ ਕਮਾ ਆਏ।
ਜੇ ਲੱਭਣ ਪਿਆਰ ਗਏ ਸੀ, ਚੰਦਰੇ ਦਿੱਲ ਗਵਾ ਆਏ।

ਸਾਨੂੰ ਪਿਆਰ ਨੇ ਕੀ ਮਿਲਣਾ? ਮੱਥੇ ਤੋਂ ਦੂਰੇ ਸੀ,
ਇੰਝ ਹੋਇਆ ਅਸੀਂ ਦਿਲ 'ਤੇ ਡੂੰਘੇ ਕਿੱਲ ਕਮਾ ਆਏ।

ਇਕ ਮਹਿਕਾਂ ਵੰਡਦੇ ਫੁੱਲ ਦੇ ਕੋਲੋਂ ਬੱਚ ਕੇ ਜਾਣ ਲੱਗੇ,
ਜਿੰਦਗੀ ਬਦਲੀ ਐਵੇਂ ਕੀ ਮੰਜ਼ਿਲ ਕਮਾ ਆਏ।

ਉਸ ਸੋਹਣੇ ਯਾਰ ਦੀ ਯਾਦ 'ਚ ਇੰਝ ਕੁੱਝ ਸਾਲ ਗੁਜ਼ਾਰੇ ਸੀ,
ਮੁਸਕਾਨਾਂ ਵੇਚ ਲਈਆਂ, ਕਦੋਂ ਮਹਫਿਲ ਕਮਾ ਆਏ।

ਦਿਲ ਕਰਦਾ ਸੀ ਕਿ ਸ਼ਰਧਾ ਲੈ ਕੇ ਟੁਰ ਜਾਇਏ ਉਸ ਘਰ,
ਪਰ ਪੰਡ 'ਚ ਕੀ ਬੰਨੀਏ, ਇਹ ਹੀ ਮੁਸ਼ਕਿਲ ਕਮਾ ਆਏ।

ਕੁੱਝ ਦੌਲਤ ਲੈ ਠੁਕ ਗਏ ਸੀ, ਕੋਠੀ-ਸਿੱਲ ਕਮਾ ਆਏ,
ਜੇ ਲੱਭਣ ਪਿਆਰ ਕੀਤੇ ਸੀ, ਚੰਦਰੇ ਦਿੱਲ ਗਵਾ ਆਏ।

ਸਾਨੂੰ ਪਿਆਰ ਨੇ ਕੀ ਮਿਲਣਾ, ਮੱਥੇ ਤੋਂ ਦੂਰੇ ਸੀ,
ਇੰਝ ਹੋਇਆ ਅਸੀਂ ਦਿਲ 'ਤੇ ਡੂੰਘੇ ਕਿੱਲ ਕਮਾ ਆਏ।

ਇਕ ਮਹਿਕਾਂ ਵੰਡਦੇ ਫੁੱਲ ਦੇ ਕੋਲੋਂ ਬੱਚ ਕੇ ਜਾਣ ਲੱਗੇ,
ਜਿੰਦਗੀ ਬਦਲੀ ਐਵੇਂ ਕੀ ਮੰਜ਼ਿਲ ਕਮਾ ਆਏ।

ਉਸ ਸੋਹਣੇ ਯਾਰ ਦੀ ਯਾਦ 'ਚ ਇੰਝ ਕੁੱਝ ਸਾਲ ਗੁਜ਼ਾਰੇ ਸੀ,
ਮੁਸਕਾਨਾਂ ਵੇਚ ਲਈਆਂ, ਕਦੀਂ ਮਹਫਿਲ ਕਮਾ ਆਏ।

ਦਿਲ ਕਰਦਾ ਸੀ ਕਿ ਸ਼ਰਧਾ ਲੈ ਕੇ ਟੁਰ ਜਾਇਏ ਉਸ ਘਰ,
ਪਰ ਪੰਡ 'ਚ ਕੀ ਬੰਨੀਏ, ਇਹ ਹੀ ਮੁਸ਼ਕਿਲ ਕਮਾ ਆਏ।

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Hope you all are doing fantastic.

We couldn't be more pleased announcing that the December edition of Causerie has surpassed 600 readerships. Our readership has increased drastically, more and more people are sending in their prestigious work, and if there's someone after the Lord who made it possible; it's you all! Our writers and readers; you guys are the real reason why we are here. We appreciate your love for Literature.

Our aim has been to spread literary awareness worldwide and support literary souls throughout the world because we value literature! That being said, it's time to take a step forward in this venture of insightful notions.

Along with writers, it's time to honor the speakers too! The team of Causerie is so glad to inform you that we are bringing a new addition to this project and it's called Vocal Verses. Yes, you heard it right. If you get a bang out of spoken poetry or prose and would like to share your words with the world in your very own voice and emotions; then here's the platform. We will be featuring your audio poesy and prose on our official website and we'll also promote your work on all our social media handles that have a vast audience who would absolutely love listening to you! Our team will assist you at every step; from recording your words, till getting them featured!

If your audio is ready, visit our website to submit your poesy. You will receive our email for further process if your content is selected.

But if you're kinda confused and would like to discuss anything regarding the process i.e. recording, captioning, assigning a title, or whatever; feel free to drop us a DM or email.

causerieofficial@yahoo.com

A huge round of applause for you guys for supporting a literary cause

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"5 ΕΙΣΠΝΟΕΣ ΓΙΑ ΑΜΕΣΗ ΧΑΛΑΡΩΣΗ"

By
Estel
(Greece)

Ζούμε σε έναν κόσμο με πολύ στρες, άγχος, πίεση στη δουλειά και πολλούς άλλους παράγοντες που αναστατώνουν την ψυχοσωματική μας ηρεμία.

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Κάθισε κάπου ήσυχα ή στάσου κάπου ήσυχα με την σπονδυλική στήλη ίσια.

Φαντάσου πάνω από το κεφάλι σου ένα χρυσό μπαλόνι.

Σε κάθε αναπνοή το μπαλόνι φουσκώνει, μεγαλώνει και απλώνεται γύρω από το σώμα σου μέχρι να σε καλύψει από το κεφάλι έως τα δάχτυλα κάτω.

Κάθε αναπνοή (σύνολο 5!) είναι πιο βαθιά και πιο μακριά σε διάρκεια αλλά και πιο αργή από τις προηγούμενες.

Εισπνέω από τη μύτη, γεμίζοντας χρυσό φως , εκπνέω από το στόμα αποβάλλοντας ότι με αγχώνει, βαραίνει, απασχολεί.

Μετά τις 5 αναπνοές έχεις πετύχει γείωση και εστίαση στο Εδώ και Τώρα. Πλέον είσαι ήρεμος να διαχειριστείς ότι προκύψει με καθαρό νου και ψυχική ηρεμία.

Υγεία Αγάπη φως έως το Άπειρο

"ΤΟ ΜΗΝΥΜΑ ΤΟΥ ΜΉΝΑ"

By
Estel
(Greece)

"Ας είμαστε αισιόδοξοι έχοντας υπόψη μας πως οι μεγαλύτερες συμφορές είναι αυτές που δεν έρχονται ποτέ."

**

"Πολλοί δέχονται συμβουλές, αλλά μόνο οι σοφοί επωφελούνται από αυτές"

**

Το γονάτισμα σε προσευχή σε γυμνάζει να στέκεσαι όρθιος και σωστός μπροστά στο Θεό και ίσιος και τίμιος μπροστά στους ανθρώπους".

"THE MESSAGE OF THE MONTH"

By
Estel
(Greece)

"Let us be optimistic given that the greatest calamities are those that never come."

**

"Many accept advice, but only the wise benefit from it"

**

Kneeling in prayer trains you to stand upright and right in front of God and straight and honest in front of people".

"ΤΟ ΛΙΟΝΤΑΡΙ ΚΑΙ ΤΟ ΔΕΛΦΊΝΙ"

By
Estel
(Greece)

Ένα λιοντάρι που περπατούσε στην ακρογιαλιά, είδε ένα δελφινι και την ώρα που έβγαζε το κεφάλι του από το νερό του είπε:

" Σε μας τους 2 ταιριάζει να κλείσουμε συμμαχία. Εσύ είσαι ο βασιλιάς στα ζώα της θάλασσας και εγώ στα ζώα της στεριάς. "

Το δελφίνι δέχτηκε με ευχαρίστηση. Λίγο καιρό αργότερα, το λιοντάρι, που είχε από καιρό πόλεμο με έναν άγριο ταύρο, φώναξε το δελφίνι να το βοηθήσει. Μα εκείνο, όσο και αν προσπάθησε, δεν μπορούσε να βγει από τη θάλασσα.

Το λιοντάρι του φώναξε : "Καλός σύμμαχος μου φάνηκες! Ούτε το δαχτυλάκι σου δεν κούνησες να με βοηθήσεις!"

"Μην τα βάζεις μαζί μου , αποκρίθηκε το δελφίνι. Με τη φύση να τα βάλεις , που με έκανε δυνατό στη θάλασσα , αλλά δεν Μ αφήνει να βγω στη στεριά."

ΑΙΣΩΠΟΣ

Μήνυμα του μύθου: " όταν ψάχνεις να βρεις βοηθό , κοίταζε όχι μόνο να θέλει αλλά και να μπορεί να βοηθήσει"

"ΝΑΥΑΓΟΙ ΤΗΣ ΑΓΑΠΗΣ"

By
Estel
(Greece)

Μια φωνή μου λέει πως θα έρθεις
Μια καρδιά που κλαίει σε ζητάει
Μέσα απ' τους ήχους της (σιωπής) βροχής
Μια καρδιά που σ αγαπάει.

Μέσα στο γκρίζο της ζωής
Στάχτη οι στιγμές κ όλα καήκαν
Της αγάπης ναυαγοί
Όσοι την καρδιά τους αρνηθήκαν

Μα εγώ εδώ,σε ένα δωμάτιο σκοτεινό, μοναχικό
Να σε γυρεύω , να το παλεύω (να περιμένω, να επιμένω)
Με όσα θέλω ,όσα φοβάμαι ,όσα πιστεύω και όσα αισθάνομαι καιρό ,πως το μπορώ; (Να
απορώ)

Κι εσύ εκεί,ακόμα εκεί
Σ' ένα ταξίδι χωρίς τέλος ,μόνο αρχή
Για μια Ιθάκη....
Μες το ποτό σου που αδειάζει
Και την καρδιά σου που δειλιάζει να αφεθεί , να αγαπηθεί
Μες το ποτό σου που αδειάζει και την καρδιά σου που φωνάζει σ' αγαπώ, σ αγαπώ ,σ αγαπώ

"ΙΠΠΟΚΡΑΤΗΣ ΚΑΙ ΞΕΡΞΗΣ"

By
Estel
(Greece)

Προσπαθούσε κάποιος να πείσει τον Ιπποκράτη να πάει στην Περσία να δει τον Ξέρξη, που ήταν ,όπως έλεγε, "καλός βασιλιάς".Ο Ιπποκράτης αρνήθηκε λέγοντας " Δεν χρειάζομαι καλό άνθρωπο που να κυριαρχεί επάνω μου ".

(Ανέκδοτα των αρχαίων Ελλήνων)

French

"Solitaire et vide"

By
Sahnah
(Mauritius)

Laissé seul sur le rivage il est resté là ferme
En attendant un autre matin pour se laisser emporter dans les bras
ouverts de son amant
De l'autre côté parfois hautes parfois basses les vagues tentent par tous
les moyens d'atteindre son but
L'océan à l'air plus périlleux et dangereux dans le noir
Fatigué à marée descendante, la mer s'arrête mais rien ne cessera son
enthousiasme
Vaste plein de vie mais l'océan semble vide
Mais à l'aube cet ardeur prendra fin lorsque l'homme réunira le
bateau et la mer à la recherche de leur gagne-pain.

"Lonely and empty"

By
Sahnah
(Mauritius)

Left lone on the shore, it stood there firm
Waiting for another morning to get carried away in the open arms of
its lover
On the other side sometimes high sometimes low the waves try every
means to reach its goal
The ocean looks more perilous and murderous in the dark
Tired at ebb tide the sea pause but nothing gonna cease its enthusiasm
Vast full of life yet the ocean looks empty
But at dawn this eagerness will end when man will reunite the boat
and the sea in search of livelihood.

Spanish

"Capítulo 1: Indi y el misterio de las estrellas."

By
E.R.
(España)

Últimamente las estrellas, el cielo y, más allá, el infinito universo me llaman la atención. Intuir su magia y tratar de imaginar la grandeza que éste posee.

En la ciudad, apenas puedo fijarme en nada, pero cuando me encuentro por la costa, sí puedo contemplar la belleza del firmamento e intentar sentirme una astronauta buceando en sus profundidades.

Quizás debería haber hecho mella en ciencias, tal vez tendría que haber estudiado astronomía. Pues puede que así, las estrellas, sus constelaciones, los cometas... me hubieran ayudado a conseguir alcanzarlos.

Tumbada en el suelo del balcón de mi habitación, observo que comienza a llover. Me gusta el olor a lluvia. Y poco a poco me dejo acunar en los brazos de Morfeo. A medianoche, algo en la oscuridad me despierta, y con el reflejo de la luz lunar, me percató del pequeño y travieso gato de mi vecina. ¡Su cascabel lo delató! Jugaba con mis sandalias el muy gamberrete, jajaja.

—Indi, how are you? Good night!— le susurro chapurreando en inglés, ya que resulta un gato políglota (su dueña es británica). ¿Me entenderá o se reirá de mi acento?

Como si me hubiera entendido, no tarda en responderme con un "Meow, Meow". Y le sonrío acariciando ligeramente la cabeza y sus orejitas, ¡por fin gané su confianza y me deja tocarlo!

Me parece que se llama Indi (así pone en la placa del collar que lleva), por Indiana Jones; es tan intrépido y aventurero como el conocido arqueólogo. Y a pesar de que pertenece a una casa, él prefiere recorrer toda la calle y hacerse también el rey del resto.

Y juntos nos dormimos, quizá con la esperanza de descubrir en nuestros sueños aquel misterio que el cielo y su oscuridad no quieren revelar a nadie desde que todo empezó hace millones y millones de años con el Big Bang. Somos dos arqueólogos que exploran el firmamento.

Hindi

नज़्म खामोशी

By
Sana Khan
(India)

ए खामोशी मिरे अंदर
जो तू घर कर के बैठी है
कि जैसे मुझको अपना मान बैठी हो
किसी संकी से आशिक़ की तरह
मेरी मुहब्बत पाने हर हद से गुजर जाने
में कोई खौफ़ दिल में नहीं
जैसे में तेरी मिलिकियत हूं
या गुलामी ही मेरा मुकद्दर है

नदामत और ये भी है
खला ने मुझ में अब घर कर लिया
फिर आग की राग़बत में तन्हा छोड़
इक मुद्दत मुझे जलने दिया
जिस में निरे कुंदन सा जल कर
इक हुनर ए अज़मत मिला
और इक अदा आई है

जैसे एहसासों के शजर बोना
समझना रंग चाहत के
कभी रिश्ते बचा लेना
किसी दिल से उतारना
तो किसी की आंख को पढ़ना

कभी पहरों तलक हस्ना
कभी हस्कर के रों देना
कभी खुद ही बिखरना और
फिर खुद ही संवर जाना
मिरी ग़फ़लत मिजाजी में भी
तेरी ही साजे दारी
खामोशी नहीं तो और मेरा कोन साथी हैं

"जिंदगी"

By
Deshana sanghvi
(India)

न जाने किस किनारे का हिस्सा हु मै
न जाने किस भीड़ का किस्सा हु मै,
बस घूम हु इस भीड़ की तकसीम मै
ऐ जिंदगी कितनी हसीन थी तू जब ये खुदगर्जी मुझसे दूर हुआ करती थी,
तब ये जिंदगी भी तब्दील हुआ करती थी,
न जाने किस किनारे का हिस्सा हु मै,
न जाने किस भीड़ का किस्सा हूँ मै।
कही छावं है तो कही धुप है,
न जाने जिंदगी के कितने पहर है इसमे छुपे,
बस घूम हु जिंदगी के इस नकाब मे
ऐ जिंदगी फिर भी मगरूर है तू,
न जाने किस किनारे का हिस्सा हु मै
न जाने किस भीड़ का किस्सा हु मै।

Tamil

என் விளிம்பில் ஓர் உரை!

By
Dinesh S R
(India)

இருளின் விளிம்பிற்கு அழைத்ததோ இயற்கை,
அஃது விலகி சென்றதாம் என் வாழ்க்கை.
உயிர் பிரியும் முன்னர் வரும் வேதனை,
எவருக்கும் வரவேண்டாம் இச்சோதனை.
காலங்கள் கழித்தும் பயனில்லை,
யாம் இக்கணம் இறைவனது பிள்ளை.
பெற்றொரை பிரிந்து செல்லும் எனக்கு,
பரிசாய் கிடைத்ததோ அவர்களது கண்ணீர்.
சகோதர சகோதரிகளை பிரியும் கணமே
எம்முடல் மண்ணிற்கு உணவாகும் தினம்!

உற்றார் உறவினர் துயரில் அமர்ந்திட -
என் விழிகள் திறக்காது உரங்குவேன்.
நாடெங்கும் பறந்துள்ள எம்மிதயங்கள்,
நண்பன் என்ற புனையால் இணைந்தன !
எம்முயிரின் மீதியான அவள் கதறும் தருணம்,
அவளை தாங்கவிருக்கும் என் குளிர்ந்த சவம்.
அனைவருக்கும் உணர்த்துவது ஒன்றாம்;
என்னை மறந்துவிடுங்கள் இன்றே!
இதுவே எனது விளிம்பின் விருப்பம் -
வின்னிற்கு செல்கிறேன், நன்றி வணக்கம்!!!

"மனம்"

By
Haarika Kavirala
(India)

பரந்துபட்ட எண்ணங்களின் கிடங்கு
உயிரோட்டத்தின் உந்துசக்தி
ஆழம் காணவியலாத விசாலம்
இறகை போன்ற மெல்லிய தன்மையின் இருப்பிடம் - மனம்.

தன்னகத்தே புதைக்கப்பட்ட ரகசியம் என்னும் உருவமற்ற புதையலின்
கணத்தோடும்
பற்பல சலனங்களைக் கடந்தும் பயணிக்கின்றது.

கற்பனையில் அகப்பட்டு
நிதர்சனத்தை ஏற்றுக்கொள்ள திணறும்
உருவமில்லா வானம்.

மீண்டும் மீண்டும் தோன்றும் எண்ண ஓட்டமே மெய்யாகின்றது
இனம்புரியாத எண்ணங்களை
இருள் சூடிய வாழ்க்கை என்னும் பாதையில் வழிநடத்துகையில்
நம்பிக்கை என்ற ஒளி கீற்று உதயம்பெறுகின்றது.

எண்ணம்போல் வாழ்க்கை!

இழந்துவிட்டேன் அடி உன்னை!

By
Vishnu priya
(India)

சொல்கிறார்கள் நீ இனி
சொந்தமில்லை இந்த பூமிக்கென்று!
பொட்டலம் போட்டு தந்திருக்கிறார்கள்
போரில் தோற்ற உன்னை!
ஏனடி விழி திறவாமல்
ஏதும் வினவாமல் படுத்திருக்கிறாய்!
கேட்கவில்லையா உனக்கு என் கதறல்கள்,
கர்வத்தை விட்டு எழுந்து வாடி நீ!
சொந்தங்கள் விட்டுச் செல்லுமடி,
சோறாக்க இங்கு யாருமில்லையடி!
எத்தனை முறை அழைத்தாலும் எழவில்லை அடி நீ,
என்னால் இதை ஏற்க முடியவில்லையடி!
காற்றில் உன் வாசனை தெரியுதடி,
கண் முன் வந்து நில்லடி நீ!
மாரடைப்பு என்கிறார்கள் மதிகெட்ட மாந்தர்கள்,
மனமுடைந்து போனாயாடி என்னை நினைத்து?
பிடித்து வைத்து இருந்திருக்கலாமே?
போராடி இருந்திருக்கலாமே?
உன்னையே உறைவிடம் என்ற உன்னவர்களுக்காக!
வலித்ததாடி உனக்கு அந்த,
வாயு உன்னைக் கொன்ற போது?
உள்ளம் பிசைகிறது, நெஞ்சம் பதைக்கிறது ! நீ அனுபவித்த
அவலத்தை நினைத்தால்!
இத்தனை முறை உன்னை வாடி போடி
என்கின்றேனே!
வாயில் போட வர மாட்டாயோ நீ அம்மா?????

மரணம்

By
Sivakarthika S
(India)

மரணம் - இயற்கையோடு மனிதன் நிகழ்த்தும்
ஒரு வாழ்க்கை போராட்டம்!
தோல்வி வரும் என்று
அறிந்தே போராடுகின்றோம்!
நமது முயற்சிகள் விரயம் ஆகின்றன!
துவண்டு அழுகின்றவன்
வாழ வழி அறியாமல்
மரணத்தை அணைக்கின்றான்!
மீண்டு எழுகின்றவன்
இன்புற்று வாழ்ந்ததும்
மரணம் அவனை
அன்புடன் அணைக்கின்றது!

இவையனைத்தும் பொய்கள்!

பள்ளிக்குச் செல்ல தாமதமானதால்
 பொய்யைப் பற்றிய
 பாடத்தை தவறவிட்ட மகனுக்கு சந்தேகம் உதித்தது;
 பொய் சொல்வதென்றால்
 என்னவென்று கேட்ட
 மகனிடம்,
 இந்த உலகம் மிகவும்
 சிறிதென்றும்,
 மனிதர்கள் அனைவரும்
 நல்லவர்களென்றும்,
 நம் நாட்டில்தான் லஞ்சம்
 இல்லையென்றும்,
 அரசியல்வாதிகள் மனிதநேயத்தின்
 அடையாளமென்றும்,
 மருத்துவப்படிப்புக்கு முற்றிலும்
 இலவசமென்றும்,
 நீதிதேவதையின் கண்கள்
 கட்டப்படவில்லையென்றும்,
 உத்வி வேண்டுமானால்
 கடவுள் கரம்கொடுப்பாரென்றும்,
 நம் நண்பர்கள்
 முகமூடியற்றவர்களென்றும்,
 நாம் மிகப்பெரிய
 பணக்காரக் குடும்பமென்றும்
 கூறியபடியே
 கடவுளின் நிழற்படத்தை
 மாட்டி வைத்திருக்கும்
 அறைக்கு நேரில்
 நிறைவேற்றப்படா
 அரசியல் வாக்குறுதிகளை
 சுமந்திருக்கும்
 அறிவிப்புத் தாளுக்கு
 அருகில்
 மூடி வைத்திருந்த
 பழைய சோற்றை பசியுடன்
 தேடிக்கொண்டிருக்கிறேன்:
 இப்போது பொய்யைப் பற்றி
 உண்மையாகவே
 புரிந்துகொள்கிறான் மகன்.

By
 வெ.ஹேமந்த் குமார்
 (Heymonth Ninja)
 (India)

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